



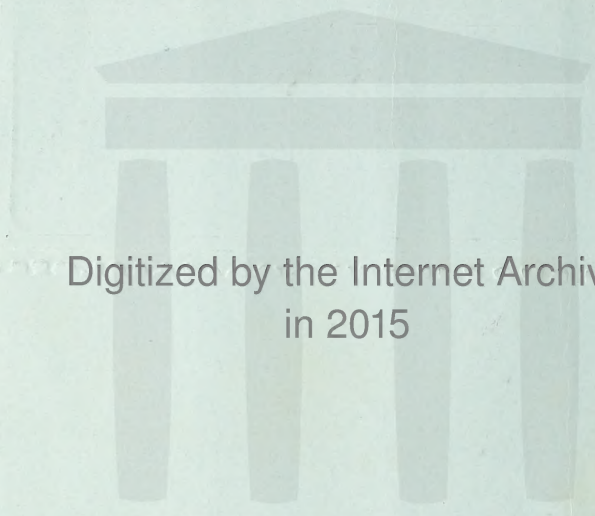
HALIFAX

THE QUEEN CITY
OF THE EAST :: :

....A Souvenir

....OF.....

Nova Scotia....



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2015

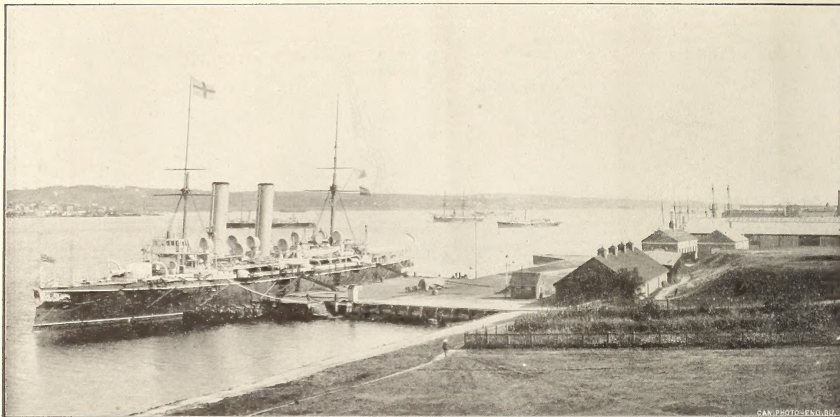
<https://archive.org/details/halifaxqueencity00hali>



The Band Stand in the Public Gardens.

THE City of Halifax is the proud possessor of one of the finest harbors in the world, a harbor capable of sheltering the entire navy of Great Britain, large though it is, and still leave plenty of room.

It also possesses a Citadel of magnificent proportions, and public gardens which are the envy of every other city on the continent. With these as leading attractions, and many other advantages, it is small wonder that thousands of tourists wend their way to the quaint old city down by the sea.



H.M.S. Blake at the Royal Dockyard. The British Men-of-War at Anchor in the Harbor.

The city is spread out on a peninsula, some four miles long, from the very centre of which rises the Citadel, nearly three hundred feet high. The streets of Halifax rise terrace-like from the harbor front to the base of Citadel Hill, around which the city clusters.

The Citadel is a fort which in years gone by was considered most important, and which is still kept up ready for active warfare, although the fortifications on MacNab and George's Islands, and down the harbor at York Redoubt, make Halifax well nigh impregnable. Two companies of soldiers occupy the Citadel, but there is room within its ramparts for all of the inhabitants of the city, if occasion should require.

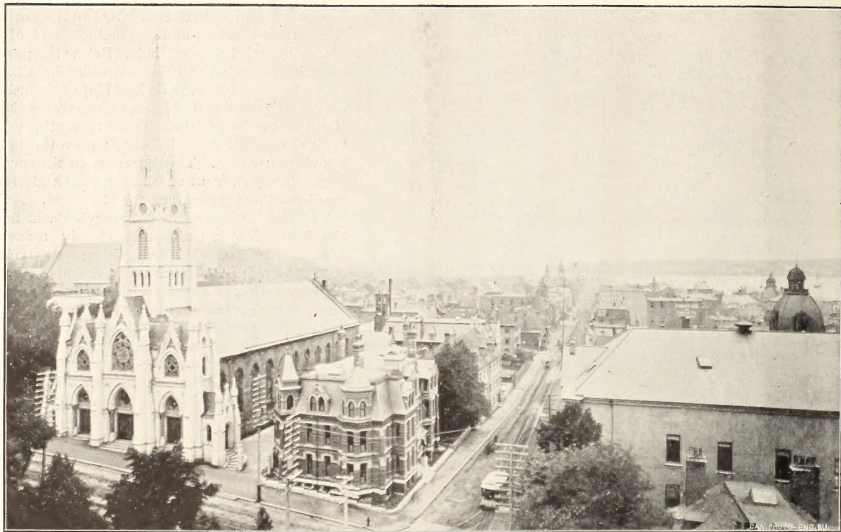
The best thing for a visitor to do is to visit Citadel Hill, from which a superb view of the city, harbor and surrounding country can be obtained. Standing on the south-east bastion, one sees spread before his feet, on the sloping hillside, the oldest part of the city, with its streets of quaint and picturesque houses. Not far away to the eastward is old St. Paul's Church, erected more than



Soldiers' Monument in Halifax.

a century and a half ago. Just to the north of that is the parade ground, at the northern end of which the new City Hall has been built. Below the parade ground a block or two is the old Parliament building, and near that the post office, with her Majesty's ordnance yard and dock yard a little below, on the water side. Across the harbor is picturesque Dartmouth, with a large asylum crowning the hill-top, where the insane of the Province are sent. Turning more to the south, one sees immediately in front of him the South Barracks, where two battalions of artillery are stationed. A little to the left of that is handsome St. Mary's Cathedral, while in the immediate vicinity the stately mansion of the Lieutenant-Governor is seen rising out from among the trees. Looking a little more to the right, facing almost directly south, one sees the beautiful public garden, as charming a spot as the sun looks upon; and, beyond it, stately Dalhousie College, with the Exhibition building—used in winter as a skating rink—and the Convent of the Sacred Heart, and the institutions for the blind clustered in the immediate neighborhood. Looking over these interesting buildings, the eye rests upon a beautiful expanse of foliage, with driveways here and there, and an ancient Martello tower crowning a little hilltop. That is Point Pleasant Park, which holds the foot of the peninsula on which the city is situated, and is washed on its eastern side by the waters of the harbor and on its western side by the North-west Arm, a narrow inlet running up two miles into the land, and one of the most picturesque and inviting places in the vicinity of Halifax, for it has been made bold and rugged by nature, and by art it has been surrounded by the handsomest of residences and the most beautiful of homes.

Strolling around the Citadel to its western slope, one sees the athletic grounds lying immediately before him



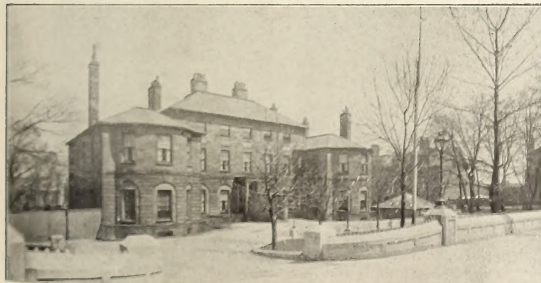
St. Mary's Cathedral and Glebe House, Halifax.

at the foot of the hill, and the capacious common, where the soldiers have their stated manœuvres. Passing around to the north, you see the city stretching along the harbor towards Bedford Basin. Immediately in the foreground is the quaint old Garrison Chapel, where the soldiers attend church every Sunday morning. A mile or so away are the Wellington barracks, where the greater part of the regiment is housed. A little beyond that is the enormous dry-dock, between six and seven hundred feet in

length, and wide and deep enough to receive the largest vessel that floats the seas. One will be amply repaid for visiting this interesting spot. Out in the harbor you will probably see several men-of-war at anchor, for it must be remembered that Halifax is not only the head quarters of the British army in North America, but also the headquarters for the North American squadron of her Majesty's navy. But, after circumscribing the crown of the Citadel, you will come back to the southern bastion again, for there the most inviting view is to be had. Beyond the city, at the mouth of the harbor, stretching across like a natural break-water against the sea, and a defence against all enemies, is MacNab Island, three miles long, and bristling with fortifications. Across the eastern channel, which is not generally used, however, by any ocean craft, is Fort Clarence; while across the western channel, which is deep and wide, and



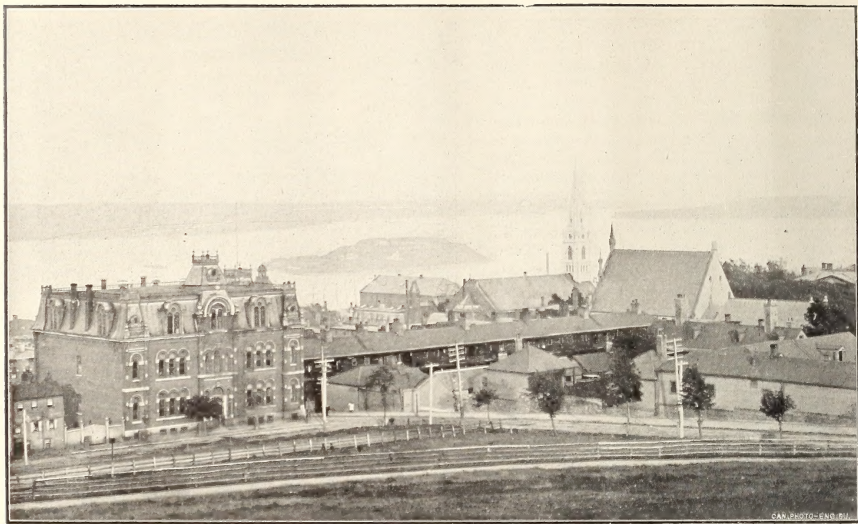
Road in the Point Pleasant Park, Halifax.



Government House, Halifax, now the Official Residence of Lieut.-Gov. Daly.

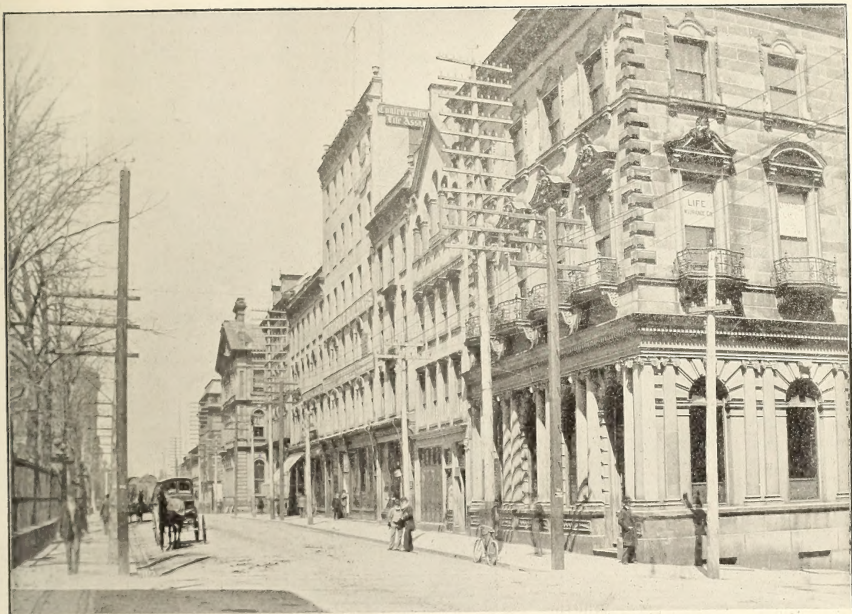
offers a safe refuge for the largest ships that float, is York Redoubt, a lofty promontory, on the top of which, commanding the ocean and the mouth of the harbor, are some of her Majesty's heaviest and most formidable guns. A little back of MacNab's Island, as if to complete the work of defence of the larger island, is George's Island, also strongly fortified. But one must not stay on the Citadel all day, though the temptation to do so is very great, for there are points of interest that should be given at least a brief visit.

The old Parliament House, situated a short walk down Prince street from the Citadel, was built in 1818, and is said to have been at that time the handsomest and most imposing structure in North America. It is still handsome and imposing; and it is most interesting to visit the chamber of the Legislative Council, and also the chamber across the hall, where the representatives meet.



Looking from the Citadel towards St. George's Island.

Diagonally across the street from the Parliament House is the post office, which perhaps to the tourist will be chiefly interesting because of the Provincial Museum situated on its upper floor. There is much here to entertain and to instruct. But the best time of the week to visit the post office is on Saturday, when the open market convenes on the street in front of the post office, overflowing some distance down Bedford Row. This market is altogether unique and thoroughly delightful. From miles around come men and women—but chiefly women—white and black, and Indians with an accompaniment of papposes, all bringing their



Hollis Street, Halifax.



Entrance to the Citadel.

vegetables and flowers and herbs, and, in the case of the Indians, their little canoes and easels and other skilful whittlings; and here they stand on the edge of the sidewalk, from early morning to mid-afternoon, selling to possible purchasers. Probably nowhere else on North American soil will such a unique and extraordinary display of feminine accoutrements be seen. You see women gently proffering their wares, who are contentedly arrayed in the styles of two hundred years ago; and every variety of feminine habiliment may here be seen and duly admired. What with the people who have things to sell, and the citizens of Halifax who have wants to supply, the sidewalk, and in fact a good part of the street, are greatly crowded, and your way through the throng will be fairly slow. But you will not regret the time; it is all so novel and so entirely diverting.

After visiting the market Saturday morning you must be sure to take in the public garden in the afternoon, for it is then that the military band plays, and then it is that all Halifax takes a vacation; that is, even more than the perennial vacation. But even without the band, the public garden, with its little lakes and its running water now disappearing under the earth and now bursting forth again with little rippling cascades, with its handsome trees and varied wealth of flowers, and with those very droll ducks that spot you the minute you take a seat near the lake and come cantering up inquiring what you have in the eating line, is, taken in its entirety, something to be seen, and being seen to be remembered. And then one must by no means neglect to visit Point Pleasant Park. Its excellent roads are very inviting. Drive in a carriage or go on a wheel if you are thus



The First Canadian Artillery at Gun Practice at Halifax.



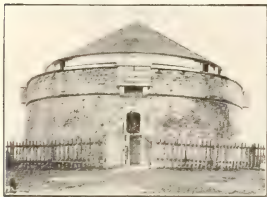
The 65th Princess Louise Fusiliers at Halifax.

provided. But the park is not large, and perhaps one may enjoy it most walking leisurely. It is unique among parks. It has trees and roads and paths and pavilions, like other parks; it has, moreover, a rocky shore all around, as perhaps some few other parks may have; but it has in addition, unlike any other pleasure ground, three forts, ready for attack at any moment. Besides these fortifications there are a number of batteries, long since dismantled and disused, scattered here and there around the shore, to say nothing of the old Martello tower, which stands upon the highest ground, and it is a most massive structure,

and filled with the most inviting gloom. One comes upon these fortifications in the most hidden nooks, at the most unexpected places; and they add a pleasure to a jaunt in the park that no pleasure grounds elsewhere can afford.

The most unique feature of Halifax, however, is the presence on its streets of so many scarlet-tuniced soldiers and blue-jacketed sailors, the mingling of whose bright uniforms with the more sober apparel of the ordinary citizens forms a contrast that is as pleasing as it is noticeable. Besides the sailors there are about 1,500, all told, infantry, artillery, engineer corps, officers and all, who are connected with her Majesty's service, and who are stationed at this old garrison town. To see the soldiers march to Garrison Chapel on Sunday morning is one of the regulation sights that no one misses; and then to file in after them and hear them pronounce the service and execute the hymns in their robust, stentorian voices is an impressive revelation of vocal possibilities.

One of the most interesting and beautiful drives the visitor can take is down the Point Pleasant road,



Old Martello Tower, Halifax.

through the great park, around by the North-west Arm and Dutch Village, and

along the shores of the Basin to Bedford, a summer resort nine miles distant. Some of the other drives are to Cow Bay, where there is a magnificent beach and excellent surf bathing; to Herring Cove and Ketch Harbor, which takes one over a series of high hills, from the summits of which enchanting views of the ocean for miles can be had; out the Margaret's Bay road, a highway that skirts the Chain Lakes, from which the city's water supply is drawn; to Lawrencetown, which has a fine sand beach and excellent bathing; or to Rockingham, a pretty suburban summer resort.

The opportunities for safe and pleasant boating at Halifax cannot be excelled any-



Melville Island Military Prison.



The Provincial Buildings, Halifax.

where, the harbor and inner basin affording abundant room for indulgence in the sport. Deep-sea fishing is another form of amusement that is unequalled, for all the varieties can be hooked within the harbor limits of Bedford Basin.

Games of cricket are of almost daily occurrence, and amateur baseball matches quite frequent. There is a cosy, well-equipped theatre that is open throughout the summer, and open air concerts are frequently given in the public gardens, where the military band performs each Saturday afternoon. One of the novel sights for the American in Halifax will be the military



City Hall, Halifax.

vous for the fleets of France in North Atlantic waters. When France in 1746 sent D'Anville to wipe out the New England Colonies, the place of meeting for the French fleet was appointed at Chebucto. Storms, mismanagement and thronging disasters of many kinds shattered the unlucky D'Anville's enterprise, and Boston was saved. But Boston saw that Chebucto should be fortified, and represented the matter so strongly to the Home Government that the Lords of Trade and Plantations in 1749 sent out a body of emigrants. The colonists landed in June, to the number of 2,576; and the autumn saw a town of nearly 5,000 inhabitants where a few months before had been a wilderness. On the hill behind the settlement—now Citadel Hill—was erected a palisaded fort, and the colony was named Halifax, in honor of Lord Halifax, who was then President of the Board of Trade and Plantations. At the same time there sprang up the rival settlement of Dartmouth on the opposite side of the harbor.

band playing at the head of the church party on Sunday, and the manœuvres in front of the Garrison Church.

Within easy reaching distance of Halifax are some excellent salmon streams and trout lakes, and the smaller game birds are quite plentiful in season.

Halifax is the great commercial metropolis of Nova Scotia, and from it every other point in the Province and Cape Breton can be more easily reached than from any other point. The tourist is within a day's journey of Sydney and all intervening points on the Intercolonial Railway; he can visit the scene of Evangeline and return the same day; he can go round to Chester, Lunenburg or Bridgewater, as side trips. In fact, Halifax is the place to go to first and arrange side trips afterward.

Halifax has a population of a little over 40,000 and is one of the wealthiest cities of its size on the continent. Her buildings, whether old or new, cheap or costly, wear an aristocratically sober greyness which visitors are accustomed to call dinginess, but which gives a charmingly quaint, old-world appearance to the place, such as is possessed by no other city on the continent.

Halifax is an infant in years compared with Annapolis, or even Windsor. The harbor, formerly called Chebucto (which is Micmac for "Chief Haven"), was in the days of the French regime a favorite rendez-



Her Majesty's Dockyard at Halifax.

The Indians and Acadians, nominally friendly (for Nova Scotia was a British possession), harassed the settlements continually, so that it was impossible for the colonists to venture alone into the surrounding woods. Outlying houses were raided by night, and children snatched into captivity from the cradle or the threshold. One night in 1751 Dartmouth was attacked, the villagers murdered in their beds, the houses burned to the ground, while the citizens of Halifax, too far off to give aid, looked on with



Old St. Paul's Church, the Oldest Protestant Church in Canada.

horror at the flames. When their rescue party reached the scene the work was done, and the scalped bodies lay in the smoking ruins.

In the following year came a body of German colonists, 500 in number; and Halifax grew rapidly in importance and population. She was the centre of naval operations during the American revolution. In the American civil war her sympathies were markedly with the south, and her ships made an immense deal of money by blockade running. This advantage was rather heavily offset, however, by the trusting zeal with which her citizens invested in Confederate securities! Halifax now depends largely upon her trade with Newfoundland and the West Indies, and upon her prosperous manufacturing interests. She is the headquarters for the fleet of the North Atlantic Squadron, and there are nearly always British ships of war in the harbor. She is the only Imperial stronghold in Canada; and her tremendous fortifications, which have won her the name of the "Cronstadt of America," are occupied by a garrison of about 1,200 Imperial troops. The presence of the army and navy officers adds much to the social life of the city, which is distinctly brilliant. This is not to be wondered at in a capital which is also a University and cathedral seat, the seat of a Parliament, a Lieutenant-Governor, a Commander-in-Chief, an Admiral, an Archbishop and a Bishop. Halifax is very

English in its flavor, in spite of the fact that her birth was an inspiration of Massachusetts.

The Citadel had its birth in a stockade erected at the foundation of the city on the area now enclosed by Barrington, Salter and Jacob streets. The American revolution caused the building of more serious defences, and when Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, was Commander-in-Chief (from 1794 to 1797) he began the present fortifications, which have grown steadily but quietly. Imperial expenditure goes on without cessation at Halifax. Next in importance to the Citadel, and perhaps in reality a stronger fortress, is the harmless-looking green mound in mid-harbor known as George's Island. Under its quiet grasses the island is a honeycomb of passages and batteries and arsenals, and it swarms with troops like an ants' nest. Here no visitor sets foot, but if one should land and begin to ramble over the pleasant slopes he would suddenly find himself on the brink of a little hollow and



A Peep at the Broadside of H.M.S. Crescent, at Anchor in Halifax Harbor.



The "Rocking Stone," near Halifax.

Nab's Island and made good her escape, and the reputation of the Eastern Passage as a channel which could do without watching was ruined forever.

McNab's Island is two miles below the city and is a favorite picnic ground. It carries two heavy batteries, whose fire crosses with that of the great York Redoubt and other batteries on the western shore. On Point Pleasant, the park which occupies the tip of the peninsula, are strong masked batteries, whose guns look straight down the harbor. Off the harbor mouth, about twenty miles below the city, lies the grim island of Sambro, occupied by a "look-out" party of artillery, and crowned by a lighthouse which has guided many a trembling bark to port.

Towards the upper end of the harbor is the Imperial dockyard, divided from the rest of the city by a high stone wall. It is fourteen acres in extent. Strangers

slipping into the muzzle of a huge hidden gun, an ambushed beast of prey. Such surprises, masked in waving weeds, would dog his footsteps all over the island. Between the crossing fires of the Citadel and George's Island no warship could live many minutes. On the other side of the harbor, just below Dartmouth, is the dark bulk of Fort Clarence, covering the Eastern Passage. This is a narrow and dangerous channel between McNab's Island and the eastern shore, and was of old considered impassable to all but the smallest vessels—a delusion which the Tallahassee dispelled. The Tallahassee, a famous fast cruiser of the Confederate States, was lying in the harbor of Halifax, watched by an American squadron. In the harbor she was safe, but she wanted to get out, and the Union ships were ready to bag her the moment she should show herself outside. One dark night, however, she slipped down behind Mc-



In Point Pleasant Park—The North-west Arm.



Looking North along Barrington Street towards the City Hall.

can usually gain admittance by sending in their cards to the Superintendent. Admiralty House is near by, on Gottingen street. Off the dockyard lie her Majesty's ships of the North Atlantic squadron. Adjoining the dockyard is the large and costly structure of the dry dock, the most capacious on the continent. This dry dock is 63½ feet long, 102 feet wide, with thirty feet of water on the sills. It is larger than the Brooklyn dry dock by forty-six feet in length and thirteen in width. Adjoining the dry dock is the Nova Scotia Sugar Refinery, an enormous pile of brick and mortar.



The Post Office.

is ignored with scorn by these conservative traffickers of the sidewalks. Opposite the post office is the austere and massive pile of the Parliament building, containing also the Legislative Library. Covered with dignity and grime, it has stood since 1818, a splendid example of architecture. The chamber of the Legislative Council is in the south end of the building. It contains fine portraits of "Sam Slick," Sir Fenwick Williams, Sir John Inglis, several of the kings and queens of England, and one by Benjamin West of Sir Thomas Strange.

Parallel with Hollis street, and past the rear of the Parliament building, runs Granville street—a street of large retail business. Then comes the main artery of the city, the busy and ambiguous thoroughfare of Barrington street. This street has much ado to know its own mind, and the visitor has much more ado to understand its many aliases. Far down at the park on the Point it begins as Pleasant street; presently, and mysteriously, it becomes Barrington street; then, degenerating in elegance, it becomes Lockman street, and under this name conducts the travelling public to the railway station on North street; lastly it

Further down is the Imperial ordnance yard. Along the water's edge, past the heads of the wharves, run Upper and Lower Water streets, a region of wholesale warehouses, sailors' boarding houses and steamship offices. The next street is Hollis—in some respects the most important street in the city. Opposite the Halifax Hotel is the city central offices of the Intercolonial, Canadian Pacific, Grand Trunk and Dominion Atlantic Railways, where tickets for tours and information as to routes can be best obtained. The lower end of Hollis street is at the Royal Engineers' yard, commonly called the Lumber Yard, where South street begins at right angles to it. Hollis street has the banks and business offices of the city, the Halifax Club, the chief hotels, the post office and the Parliament House. The post office, at the intersection of Hollis and George streets, is a stately building, containing also the Custom House and Provincial Museum, which latter is well worth a visit. On the sidewalks all around the post office the country folk hold the "green market" every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. The sight is well worth getting up early to see. Here are French, Dutch, Indian and negro, in every variety of picturesqueness and offering for sale an astonishing diversity of country treasures. There is a commodious market house behind the post office, but it



A Typical Market Scene in Halifax.

becomes Campbell road, and scurries off into obscurity. On the lower end of Barrington is the Presbyterian Ladies' College and Conservatory of Music. Coming north one passes Government House, a fine old stone building which dates from the opening years of the century, and looks close akin to the Parliament House. Opposite stands the old cemetery of St. Paul's, with its monument to the Nova Scotian heroes, Welsford and Parker, who fell before Sebastopol. Next to Government House is St.



The Intercolonial Depot, Halifax.

Hall, where stood the old building of Dalhousie College. This University, after many vicissitudes, has attained a large and vigorous usefulness, and a wide reputation. It should excite a peculiarly piquant interest in American visitors by reason of its origin. In the war of 1812 Nova Scotia sent out a small force, and occupied the eastern section of Maine. The inhabitants took the oath of allegiance to the English crown, and a goodly sum of money was collected during the occupation, in the form of customs duties at the port of Castine. When the war ended with the treaty of Ghent, the Governor of Nova Scotia surrendered his Maine conquests. The money, however, remained at Halifax, and was called the Castine fund. It went eventually toward the endowment of Dalhousie College. The new college building, a fine brick structure, is situated some distance out Morris street, near the exhibition building, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the Institution of the Blind, the Victoria General Hospital and the Poor Asylum, all conspicuous structures.

When one leaves Barrington street and ascends the hill the next important street is Brunswick, running past the front of the

Matthew's Church (Presbyterian), a well-proportioned structure. Almost adjoining is the Academy of Music, the chief theatre of the city. The proximity is suggestive of that alliance between pulpit and stage of which Utopians often dream. Here begins, at right angles, the important street called so idyllically Spring Garden road with St. Mary's Cathedral (Roman Catholic) almost in the angle. This, the most imposing ecclesiastical structure in the city, is built of grey stone and granite. Continuing along Barrington street one passes the Church of England Institute and the City Club, new and fine buildings, and then comes upon a long, low, dark edifice, with an aristocratic air which redeems its ugliness. This is old St. Paul's, with hallowed associations for every patriotic Canadian, whatever his creed. It was built in 1750, at Imperial expense, while Halifax was yet in her swaddling clothes, and it could then seat the whole population. The church is a model of St. Peter's, Vere street, London. Its walls, covered with old mural tablets, are a mine of lore for the antiquarian. From the front of St. Paul's, along between Barrington and Argyle, extends the Parade, terraced on a massive granite wall of Egyptian design. At the north end of the Parade rises the fine new City



A Glimpse of the Yarmouth Harbor.

Citadel. On this street, a short distance north, is a curiosity among churches, the little Lutheran chapel, built for German immigrants in 1761. It is like a toy church built by children with blocks, or a venerable and fantastic brown pigeon house. Brunswick street has many churches—and needs them all. Garrison Chapel, under the Citadel, plain as a barn outside, but gorgeous within by reason of its military services; St. Patrick's (Roman Catholic), St. George's (Anglican), a curious round structure, so built that there might be no corners for the devil to hide in; as the Brunswick Street Methodist, in its youth the most spacious



The Main Street, Yarmouth.

Methodist church edifice in British North America. Other interesting churches of the city are Fort Massey (Presbyterian) on Tobin street, and St. Luke's the pro-Cathedral, on Morris street.

With the Public Gardens and Point Pleasant Park Halifax is rarely endowed as far as pleasure grounds go. The Gardens cover an area of eighteen acres. They are artistically laid out, and kept with loving care. On Saturday afternoons throughout



FALLS ON THE TUSKET RIVER NEAR YARMOUTH



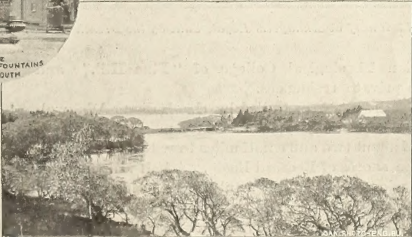
STARTING FOR MAITLAND BEACH FROM THE GRAND HOTEL YARMOUTH



ONE OF THE PUBLIC FOUNTAINS YARMOUTH

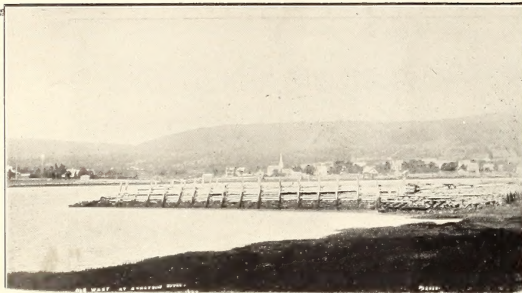


THE YARMOUTH CEMETERY



THE HIGHLAND LAKES ADJOINING THE TOWN OF YARMOUTH

the summer the music of a good military band allies itself to the charms of fresh sward, glowing parterres, gay foliage, and the cool expanses of the pond. There is often good tennis to be seen on the lawns, and the evenings are made gay by frequent illuminations. Adjoining the Gardens, to the north, are the athletic grounds of the Wanderers, and also the Common, where military reviews and sham-fights take place from time to time. Point Pleasant Park is the great unsophisticated rival of the Public Gardens, and lies, amid its old woods and rocky dells, just at the mouth of the Northwest Arm. The park is Imperial property, but leased to the city for 999 years at a rental of twenty-five cents per annum, and its charm is greatly heightened by the



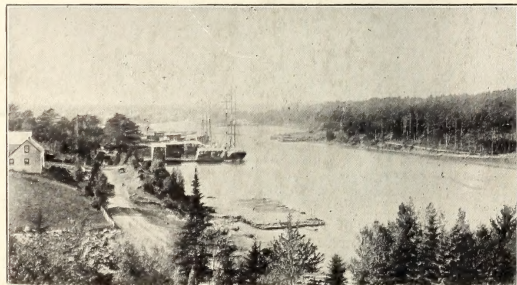
Old Wharf at Annapolis Royal, built by the French in 1640.

Presbyterian Theological College of "Pine Hill," and many fine private residences.

The Northwest Arm (called by the Indians Wagwoltich—"End of the Bay") is about half a mile in width, and runs inland about two and a half miles to within a short distance of the shores of Bedford Basin. A half-mile more of water invasion, and Halifax would have been an island. The mouth of the Arm was in old days closed to hostile ships by a huge chain cable, swung from rings in the faces of the rocks. The remoter regions of the Arm are a favorite summer resort, and the waters afford fishing, boating and bathing.

At the head of the Arm is Melville Island, with its military prison, where the American prisoners were kept in the war of 1812.

forts and masked batteries which ambuscade in its sylvan recesses. Its drives are hard and smooth, and wind curiously; its pictures of the harbor, the Arm, the forest shift each moment; its footpaths—of a narrowness and seclusion nicely adapted to the needs of lovers—lead to certain springs of mystic virtue, or to nooks where the eye pries not easily. As for the trees, the rocks, the moss, the mounds, these have not been rashly meddled with. They are kept clean, but not "improved." The pleasantest way to "do" the park, whether walking or driving, is by way of Pleasant street, along the water's edge, through the "Freshwater" district, to the extreme of the Point, and thence northward. An old Martello tower in the centre of the park is called the Prince of Wales' Tower. From the park one should continue still northward along the Arm, passing the



Bridgewater, N.S.

